

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 62.—No. 3.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1884.

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5d. Stamped.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

EVENING BALLAD CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, ON
WEDNESDAY Next, at Eight o'clock. Artists: Mme Carlotta Patti, Miss Mary Davies, Miss Helen D'Alton, and Mme Antoinette Sterling, Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Charles H. Wade, Mr Maybrick, and Mr Santley. Pianoforte—M. Vladimir de Pachmann. Violin—Mme Norman-Néruda. Mr Venables' Choir. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s. 6d. Tickets, 4s., 3s., 2s., and 1s., of Austin, St James's Hall; and Boosey & Co., 205, Regent Street.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—The Programme of the BALLAD CONCERT will contain a selection of Songs by F. H. Cowen, accompanied by the Composer, and will include the following: "It was a dream" (Mme Carlotta Patti), "Spinning" (Miss Mary Davies), "The reaper and the flowers" (first time), and "The better land" (Mme Antoinette Sterling), "A Song and a Rose" (Miss Helen D'Alton), "I will come" (Mr Edward Lloyd), "My lady's dower" (Mr Maybrick).—Tickets of Boosey & Co., 205, Regent Street.

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M ISS MARY DAVIES,

M DME ANTOINETTE STERLING,

M R EDWARD LLOYD,

M R SANTLEY,

M R MAYBRICK,

M. VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN,

M DME NORMAN-NÉRUDA, at the BALLAD CONCERT, WEDNESDAY NEXT.

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The NEXT CONCERT will take place February 22nd.
The LENT TERM will commence on MONDAY, January 21st, and terminate on SATURDAY, April 26th. Candidates for admission (bringing music they can perform) will be examined at the Institution on Saturday, January 19th, at Eleven o'clock.

LOCAL EXAMINATIONS (of Musical Students) will take place in the Spring, 1884. Last Day for receiving names, February 1st.

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ST JAMES'S HALL.—GATHERING OF THE CLANS.—BURNS' BIRTHDAY COMMEMORATION CONCERT, FRIDAY Next, Jan. 25th, at Eight. Artists—Mme Agnes Ross, Miss Fyfe, and Mme Patey; Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Gideon Duncan, and Mr Santley. The Glasgow Select Choir. Conductors—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR and Mr JAMES ALLAN. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 3s., 2s., and 1s., at Austin's Office, St James's Hall, and usual Agents.

MR BRINLEY RICHARDS' PIANOFORTE RECITALS, with LECTURE ON ANCIENT AND MODERN MUSIC, Selections from Works of the Great Composers, 18th to 19th Cent., at the SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS, Conduit Street, Regent Street, Jan. 31st; and at ST JOHN'S INSTITUTE, Kensington, in February.

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MISS RICHARDSON (from Milan) will sing Sir JULIUS
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GUERNSEY'S "O BUY MY FLOWERS," at Mr N. Mori's Musical Reunion,
Jan. 21st.

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—Morning Post.

"Miss Lillie Albrecht, a brilliant pianist, and a composer of ever-increasing popularity, has been informed by Sir Henry Ponsonby of Her Majesty's acceptance of Miss Albrecht's latest work, Gigue and Gavotte. Her Royal Highness, with her accustomed affability, has also accepted a copy."

—The Drama.

"Both these pieces have been played with great success by the gifted young composer at her recitals in Lowndes Square, Belgravia, where the reviewer had the pleasure to hear them. Messrs Duncan Davison have found some effective music in Miss Albrecht's numerous pieces, whereof they have published a tempting list for Christmas; many of the numbers have new editions, demanded by an eager public. The Gigue is in 6-8 time. The Gavotte begins, according to rule, on the second half of the bar. Miss Albrecht writes for her instrument with a loving regard for its genius, and never puts pen to paper except to record worthy ideas."

—Musical Standard.

"The Gavotte in D claims attention from the elegant and finished style in which it is written. From D major the key is changed to the dominant (A), thence to the relative minor (F sharp), finally closing in the original key. It is worthy of a place in the repertoire of every pianist who wishes to secure a solo both charming and melodious. A short time since we had the pleasure of hearing the "Gigue" played by the composer at one of her recitals, and the favourable impression created is not easily forgotten. Miss Albrecht must indeed have well studied her theme in order to write a piece containing such excellent and exquisite qualities. We advise our readers to make an early acquaintance with this very pretty morceau. It is a clever and skilful composition."

—Court Circle.

NEW MUSIC.

(Continued from page 21.)

The celebrated house of Ricordi again offers to the English public, through its London branch, a number of works distinctly fitted for the approaching season. One of these is called *The Christmas Morn*, words by Henry Hersee, music by J. Burgmein, and consists of four pieces—a Shepherd's Chorus; a Pastoral for pianoforte alone; a movement, also instrumental, describing the arrival of the Magi, and a concerted number in praise of the Babe of Bethlehem. With appropriate verses, and music which is interesting, the pretty book combines some charming illustrations from the pencil of Alfredo Edel. Four of these are full-page, and printed in colours. They represent the adoration of children, and are "full of grace and truth." Numberless smaller pictures are scattered about; all nicely drawn and very appropriate. There could hardly be a more acceptable Christmas present for a musical child. Last year we referred in high terms to MM. Burgmein and Edel's musical and illustrated "Roman de Pierrot et de Pierrette," in which a story of child-love is told with true pleasantry and humour. "Les Saisons Enfantines," twelve pieces, for one or two voices, may pair with this. Here M. Edel collaborates with M. Georges Mengot for words and M. Albert Renaud for music. The pieces are simple and pleasing, while the illustrations, if not so elaborate as in "Pierrot et Pierrette," are distinguished by the same pleasant humour. Another book of the same class, though intended rather for adults than children, is entitled "Par les Champ et par les Grèves," and contains twelve pianoforte pieces of a characteristic sort, each accompanied by a full-page illustration. M. Georges Pfeiffer, the composer of the music, shows considerable versatility here; and if some of the pieces are much better than others, the least good possesses merit. In short, this is an interesting collection, worth the notice and patronage of amateurs. To the collection of Neapolitan folk-songs, upon which we commented some time ago, are now added two volumes containing fifty similar examples from Sicily and Lombardy respectively, collected and transcribed by C. Gialdini and G. Ricordi. We need scarcely say that these books have a value for the student who, if he be wise, is never weary of making himself acquainted with the tunes that grow up along the highways and byways of nations, and represent their genuine musical life, as much as the flowers of the fields represent their native flora. Many of the pieces have a true fragrance, and are perfectly charming as examples of varied rhythms and delicate expressiveness. We heartily commend these spontaneous growths of the "land of song" to all whom music concerns. Messrs Ricordi have lately issued the music of the ballet, "Excelsior," which has had such great success in Milan and Paris. It would, of course, be unfair to judge the work from a pianoforte score, but it may be doubted whether Signor Marengo, the composer, is entitled to rank among the great writers of dance music, some of his numbers being decidedly commonplace. The descriptive music appears to us the best, and considerable effect must arise from it. At the same time it may be said for the dance numbers that some of them are distinctly fitted for ball-room purposes, and as such entitled to the honour of notice, apart from their original purpose. A pianoforte arrangement of Ponchielli's successful opera *La Gioconda*, by Michele Saladina, will be welcomed in many quarters, more especially by those familiar with the representation of the work. The arrangement, which is accompanied by the verbal text, does not exact too much from the pianist, who may, with little effort, gain from it a truthful idea of the form, if not the colour, of Ponchielli's music. We recommend it as a preparation for hearing and enjoying an opera that bids fair to retain its place upon our lyric stage. A new pianoforte score of Verdi's *Don Carlos* has also been issued by Ricordi. The text is in Italian, and the opera appears in four acts, instead of the five originally presented at the Grand Opera in 1867. Verdi himself has, of course, effected the change, and it is a sensible one, because making the work more manageable. We have here no space in which to show how the alteration has been done, but a glance almost serves for proof that *Don Carlos* will now play, not only closer, but better. Whether it is destined for revival in England can only be guessed, but there is in it so much of Verdi's best music that the work ought not to lose for good and all the attention of the connoisseur and the artist. Among pianoforte pieces issued by this firm are a Serenade (P. Clementi) and "La Reine des Valse" (Burgmein). The first is a simple and pleasing piece, adapted for players of moderate capacity; the second may almost be said to deserve its name. We could not bestow upon it much higher praise. A transcription by Liszt of the "Salve Maria," from Verdi's *Jerusalem*, is chiefly noteworthy because adapted, not only for the ordinary piano, but for the "Armonipiano," an instrument with an extra pedal, called "pedale a vibrations prolongées," which has, we presume, an effect similar to that of the melo-pianoforte manufactured by Messrs Kirkman. The Italian songs lately issued by Ricordi com-

prise the favourite "Voce la donna," from Ponchielli's *Le Gioconda*, in praise of which not a word need now be said, and "Ricordati," an effective song by Piusuti. "Plenilunio," the work of Signor Tosti, is a setting in four solo numbers of a poem by Carmelo Errico. Not too long for singing straight through, this piece deserves favour as a delicate and pleasing example of modern Italian art. The same composer's "Aprile" also commands approval, though perhaps the accompaniment might better have been varied, instead of remaining constant to one "figure." It is, nevertheless, charming and in refined taste. "En Hamac," a song adapted from Burgmein's "La Valse des Parisiennes," by Tito La Posa, will please the lovers of a light and graceful strain, while amateurs of more serious taste will find satisfaction in the setting, by Tosti, of an "Ave Maria," to which Mr Harrison Milward has put English words—none too good. The vocal part is in quasi-recitative, and about the whole piece there is something fresh and new. Among the English songs published by Ricordi and worthy of attention are Crossley's "To the South Wind," Bucalossi's "Best for both," Piusuti's "Sleep on, dear love," and "Queen of the Earth," Carracciolo's "So far away," and Tosti's "Let it be soon." We mention these particularly because, while written in a popular style, they are also good music, such as no one need be ashamed to perform or applaud. The last-mentioned is remarkable for the merit of its verses, in which Mr Clement Scott shows himself not only a good manipulator of rhyme and metre, but a true poet. Signor Tosti has set "Let it be soon" to worthy music, and the song as a whole ranks far above the average of its kind.—D. T.

MR WILLING'S CHOIR.

At the second concert of his second season, which took place on Tuesday evening last at St James's Hall, Mr Willing showed as much tact in the arrangement of his programme as judgment in its selection. Commencing with Gounod's melodious overture to *Mirella*, which has not yet been robbed of its charm by repetition *ad nauseam*, the list of music set down for performance included the *Leonora* overture, No. 3, and Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis Night*. The *Leonora* was so capably played that the audience unanimously re-demanded it, and it was with difficulty that the more thoughtful auditors hushed the encore. At any time it is scarcely grateful to a body of hearers to insist upon a repetition of a succession of awkward passages and knotty "points"—which could scarcely be given twice in succession with such praiseworthy precision and delicate appreciation as were the syncopations, the celebrated runs for strings, and those sudden *fortissimi* and *pianissimi* which Beethoven loved, on Tuesday night. The singers in the *Walpurgis Night* were Madame Patey, and Messrs Levetus and Bridson. Madame Patey tolled out her sombre phrases grandly, and was well supported by the choir. But Mendelssohn was scarcely at his best in this fragmentary musical poem. He had a whole storehouse of wildly romantic ideas, and upon these he drew for illustrations of his weird subject. But he had no scope in this for those soul-stirring themes that are the frameworks of his symphonies and his calmer works. The composer of the *Walpurgis* music is more the composer of the String Quartet and Otter, of the Capriccio in E, than of *Elijah*, the symphonies and the everlasting bouquet of songs, with and without verse. But for Madame Patey, and the efforts of the conductor, orchestra, and chorus, the *Walpurgis Night* would have been a disappointment.

The singers announced to take part in the first portion of the programme were Miss Ambler, Miss Mary Beare, and Mdlme Patey, Messrs Sims Reeves, E. Levetus, and Bridson. Of these, Miss Ambler (who was too ill to appear) was replaced by Miss Mary Beare, who—in addition to her own contribution to the programme, "Bel raggio"—sang Mendelssohn's scena "Infelice," set down for Miss Ambler. Mdlme Patey was enthusiastically re-called after her fine rendition of the aria, "Che farò," from Gluck's *Orfeo*. Mr Maas replaced Mr Sims Reeves (who was originally announced to sing at this concert), and gave the two songs set down for the popular tenor, "Philistines, hark," from Sir Michael Costa's *Eli*, and Purcell's "Come if you dare;" Mr Bridson giving the recitative, "All is yet tranquil," and the air, "What would I do for my Queen?" from Mr Goring Thomas's *Emeralda*. When it is added that the choir rendered with spirit the cheery "Chorus of Faggot-binders" (*Mock Doctor*, Gounod), there is little more to be said than that in spite of the many good things set before his visitors by Mr Willing, not the least attraction of his musical *menu* was its carefully adjusted length—or brevity.—A.

PARMA.—R. Wagner's *Lohengrin* was performed a short time since at the Teatro Regio, for the first time here. It met with a highly favourable reception. Mdlle Bréthol, as Elsa, made her *début* on the occasion before an Italian audience.

EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

EXCERPT No. 42.

(Continued from page 789, Vol. 61.)
1802.

Mr E. Stephenson, the banker, had perhaps the best and the most valuable collection of Cremona violins of any private gentleman in England. I am, however, inclined to think that these are frequently more estimated on account of their scarcity (like strawberries in January) than their valuable qualities. As the appellation of "Cremona fiddles" may not be generally understood, I will take this opportunity to explain it. These instruments were made by two Italians, named Amati and Stradivarius, at Cremona in the Milanese; and like the well-known Sedan-chairs, originally made in France, go by the name of the town in which they were first manufactured. That there exists a sort of mania amongst certain connoisseurs in fiddles (as in regard to pictures) is not to be doubted, as the following fact will show: Mr Hay, a former excellent leader of the King's band of musicians, produced on his favourite violin, made by Klotz, a German, a tone so sweet and powerful, that he had been frequently solicited to part with it, and was, on one occasion, offered for it by a noble lord three hundred pounds in cash, and an annuity, *durante vita*, of one hundred pounds! Mr Hay, however, possessing a handsome independence, and not being desirous to part with his instrument, rejected the offer, and dying some years afterwards, this *rara avis*, at the subsequent sale of his effects, produced but forty pounds! The first time I met Mr Stephenson was (several years ago) at the dinner-table of Mr Cipriani, son of the late eminent artist, at his house in the King's Mews, where I also met Mr Brummel (a gentleman connected with the administration of Mr Pitt) and Major Parker. The major, who had served in the American war, was intelligent and entertaining. On being asked how he passed his time on ship-board, during his voyage to America, he replied,—"I sometimes (to keep off ennui) walked the quarter-deck, sometimes read, and sometimes took a draught of wine." On its being said, "What! take a draught of wine!" he added, "Yes; for as we were allowed but a pint a day, it was as well disposed of in a draught as in any other way." Mr Cipriani succeeded Mr Chinnery (after the latter had absconded, *minus* sixty thousand pounds of the public money) as first clerk in the Treasury, and continued to hold that distinguished and important office with honour to the time of his death. Mr Chinnery was reputed to be a great lover of music; and, after his flight, it was said in a certain assembly, that his speculation proceeded from his extravagant custom of giving concerts. A more absurd reason for his delinquency could not be adduced, because several of the most eminent musicians, Crosdill, Viotti, Salomon, &c., who visited him, received no remuneration whatever; and the few he paid were obtained at so small a price as sufficiently refutes the assertion, at least as far as relates to music. To prove this, the following will suffice: When I played the principal oboe and concertos at Salomon's popular concerts at Hanover Square, in the year 1796, Salomon, on one of the nights said to me, "Mr Chinnery has requested me to say that he will be glad if you will perform at his concert on Sunday evening next. You will meet your old friend Crosdill there, Viotti, and myself; and he begged me to add, that as it will be on a Sunday night, when there is nothing to do, he will pay you one guinea." Feeling indignant at the proposition, I replied, "What would you think of me if I were to play for a person so situated in life as Mr Chinnery is for one guinea, when you, a brother professor, pay me three?"

On the 6th of February Mrs Billington first appeared in the part of Rosetta, in the opera of *Love in a Village*. Though she had been seriously ill, her voice retained all its power and sweetness. She sustained the part with transcendent talent, and delighted an elegant and overflowing audience. She had the good taste to introduce Dr Boyce's beautiful duet, "Together let us range the fields," which was charmingly sung by her and Incedon, and was loudly encored. Dr Boyce's duet ought to convince the mere theorists of the day that science and melody may be united by genius. Amongst the fashionables present that evening was Mr Jekyl, the witty barrister, who had with him a gentleman from the country. When the curtain rose and discovered Rosetta and Lucinda, in the first scene, the applause being great, Mrs Billington, who had prodigiously increased in bulk, curtsied to the audience, on which the country gentleman said to his friend,—"Is that Rosetta?"—"No, sir," replied Mr Jekyl; "it is not Rosetta, it is Grand Cairo."

A few nights before I attended a concert, in which Mrs Billington sang two songs, given by H. P., Esq., to whom I occasionally gave musical instruction. This gentleman had but recently recovered from a serious accident, which happened under the following circumstances: Mr P., having had a party to dinner, during which the bottle circulated freely, had the misfortune afterwards to fall

from the top to the bottom of his drawing-room stairs, where he was taken up by his family and servants in a state of insensibility. A messenger was instantly despatched for his intimate friend, Surgeon M—, who resided in the same street; but that gentleman having been called to the country professionally, the servant was sent two or three streets off to require the attendance of the celebrated Surgeon H—. That anatomical leviathan, who had also had a dinner party, came, "flushed with a purple grace," and being shown into the unfortunate gentleman's bedchamber, he, after a careful examination, pronounced both his arms to be broken. On the fractured limbs being bandaged, this luminary took his leave, and his fee of course, till the morrow. The following morning early, Mr P.—'s professional friend who had just returned from the country hastened to his house, and on being informed of the extent of his injury, inquired at what hour the great surgeon had been called in; and being informed that it was in the evening after dinner, he said, "If that's the case, I will take the liberty of examining the limbs;" and, taking off the bandages, he ascertained that only one arm was broken! "This," said he, "illustrates the old adage completely, that 'wine makes a man see double!'"

Mr Harris, who was indefatigable in the management of his theatre, brought out, on the 19th of February, Dibdin's new comic opera, *The Cabinet*. The music was entirely new, no part of it being compiled, and the names of the composers, as numerous as those of a Spanish grandee, were Rauzzini, Braham, Davy, Reeve, Corri, and Moorhead. The most admired pieces were Braham's first ballad, "My beautiful maid," and the polacca, "No more by sorrow," which were both encored; Signora Storace's air, "The bird that sings," which she sang and acted imitatively twice, and the hunting song by Incedon, in giving which his fine volume of voice filled the whole theatre. "The first movement of the overture," says a critic, "did not evince much ability; but the rondo (powerfully aided by W. T. Parke's oboe) was very effective, and was greatly applauded." This opera became very popular.

(To be continued.)

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THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

Last Monday night's programme was one of considerable interest, in the sense that each piece helped to make up a thoroughly enjoyable entertainment, which, if it did not appeal to curiosity, charmed musical taste. Some of the selections were exceedingly familiar, as, for example, Schumann's Quartet in A minor (Op. 41), and the *andante* and *scherzo*, which are all that Mendelssohn completed of a similar work before death put an end to his labours. The first named is a great favourite with Mr Chappell's public, who have now heard it eighteen times, and are quite ready, we fully believe, to hear it eighteen times more, so soon as may be. It represents with Schumann what the Rasoumowsky quartets represent with Beethoven—that is to say, the genius of the composer in its strongest and, at the same time, most thoroughly artistic phase. The beautiful first *allegro* is an unfailing charm, while in the *scherzo* Schumann runs Mendelssohn very hard on his own particular ground. Nevertheless, supremacy in *scherzo* writing remains with him whom Schumann used admiringly to call Felix Meritis, and the fact could not have been better asserted than by the second of the two movements comprised in the unfinished quartet. All the native jousness of the man comes out in this music, and with it all his refinement and delicate fancy. Both works were played to perfection by Madame Néruda, Messrs Ries, Holländer, and Piatti; the lady especially distinguishing herself, as those amateurs will readily believe who know how entirely in sympathy she always is with such themes. The pianoforte had a prominent position. Indeed, there were two pianists, so that the fact originated in a kind of necessity; but courtesy had something to do with it also, M. Vladimir de Pachmann availing himself of the occasion to introduce his pupil and *fiancée*, Miss Maggie Okey, to the Popular audience. She played Henselt's "Danklied nach Sturm" (Op. 5), one of the Russo-German composer's most elaborate studies, and also Nos. 6, 8, and 10 of Chopin's Studies (Op. 25). Miss Okey's rendering of the Study in Thirds (No. 6) was an unqualified triumph for the young artist, who had to repeat it. She subsequently played with M. de Pachmann, Chopin's Rondo in C (Op. 73) for two pianofortes, a work not often heard, and chiefly of interest because showing off one performer against the other. We will not say that Miss Okey triumphed over M. de Pachmann, but even had that been the case, the Russian artist would, no doubt, have found sweetness in his defeat. The vocalists were Mdme Fassett and Miss Louise Phillips, who sang duets by Holländer and Dvorak in charming fashion, and lifted their part of the programme to unwonted eminence.—D. T.

MUSICAL SKETCHES.

By H. E. D.

NO. 13.—SHAKSPEARE AS A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 22.)

In seeking in the works of a writer of imaginative literature for internal evidence as to his personal characteristics, attainments, and opinions, we must always bear two things in mind. First: that the writer's views are as often as otherwise entirely the reverse of those expressed by his characters. Second: that any ignorance displayed by a character does not necessarily imply similar ignorance on the part of the writer, but may, on the contrary, be intended to accentuate, or to express the particular want of knowledge of the character. With regard to the first, experience shows that it is not so difficult to distinguish between the opinions of a dramatic writer and the expressions of his characters as would be at first supposed. Indeed, generally one has an instinctive feeling that such-and-such characters are the particular mouthpieces of the author. Thus, we seem to perceive, through the philosophical utterances of the Prince of Denmark, the matured thoughts and convictions of Shakspeare strongly coloured with the sadness and gloom, which (owing to the loss of all his best friends through political involvements) had clouded his life at the time *Hamlet* was written. We catch Shakspeare's own particular voice in the wild wisdom of King Lear and in the speeches of such female characters as Portia. The author's own individuality (if I may so apply the term) is not always placed in the hero of the play, for it often appears in minor characters; nor is it generally confined to one individual in the plot. Sometimes, moreover, it goes in and out of a character, or appears in it for the first time after some great reform or penitence, as, for instance, in the case of Katherina, the Shrew, when, being at last subdued, she breaks forth with that exhortation on the duty of wives to their husbands, in which, for the first time, we feel the poet's real sympathy with the character.

It may be thought that this matter lies in a nutshell, and that when the author makes his characters assert that which is good, true, and virtuous, he speaks for himself, and *vice versa*. But it is the pronounced expressions of virtues and vice in which the writer's own character is least apparent, for every great author may be supposed to entertain almost precisely similar opinions in such matters. It is on debatable points that we set most value, and in the matter of these there can be no fixed rule to indicate to us when the writer is, or is not, speaking for himself. We can only judge by the tests of comparison and consistency, aided by that indefinable something which I have called an instinctive feeling. Authors, too, it must not be forgotten, differ greatly in the degree in which they disclose their own nature and idiosyncracies in their works. Much, for example, can be learnt of Shakspeare from his writings, whereas, as in the case of Ben Jonson, if we did not already know him through information obtained from external sources, it would be impossible to ascertain anything of importance of his personal characteristics from his works.

In our present enquiry, however, we are fortunate in having little to do with the *opinions* of Shakspeare: we are trying to ascertain the extent of his *musical knowledge*. To determine this we must be guided by such instances of the use of technical expressions as we are able to discover.

Some of the most noteworthy passages in this respect that I have been able to find in Shakspeare's works are in *The Taming of the Shrew*, and it lies in the under plot of the comedy. Hortensio and Lucentio, rival suitors to Bianca, in order to obtain access to the object of their affection, have adopted the disguise of "school-masters," or tutors; the former is engaged by the father under the name of Licio, a man "cunning in music and the mathematics," and the latter as Cambio, a "young scholar that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages." In Act III., Scene I., the rival lovers endeavour each to insinuate himself into the good graces of the maiden. The manner in which they exhibit their suspicions of one another, and try to conceal their jealousies concerning Bianca, under cover of a rivalry on account of their respective professions, is very comical, as is, also, the way in which they contrive to introduce love speeches into their lessons. Lucentio first reproves Hortensio for growing too forward, and reminds him of the treatment he received at the hands of Bianca's sister, Katherina, which we find recorded in Act II., Scene I:—

BAPTISTA.—What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

HORTENSIO.—I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

BAP.—Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

HOR.—Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,*

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;

When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

"Frets, call you these?" quoth she; "I'll fume with them:"

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way;

And there I stood amazed for a while,

As on a pillory, looking through the lute:

While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,

And—twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,

As she had studied to misuse me so.

Hortensio, in reply to his rival's reminder of this incident, points out that, unlike Katherina, Bianca is the "patroness of heavenly harmony," and adds that—

— When in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

But Lucentio is not willing to acquiesce, and rejoins with warmth—

Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hortensio resents, and Bianca interposes, and endeavours to pacify them, directing Hortensio to prepare his instrument, while she receives her lesson from the other.

HOR.—You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

LUC.—That will be never: tune your instrument.

She then proceeds to receive her lesson in Latin, but is soon interrupted by Hortensio.

HOR.—Madam, my instrument's in tune.

BIAN.—Let's hear. O fie! the treble jars.†

Lucentio makes an insulting remark, and tells his rival to tune again, which he does and soon returns with—

HOR.—Madam, 'tis now in tune.

LUC.—All but the base.

HOR.—The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

However, Hortensio's turn comes at last, and after sending Lucentio away with the remark that his (Hortensio's) "lessons make no music in three parts," proceeds as follows:

HOR.—Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

BIAN.—Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

HOR.—Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

BIAN. (reads).—"Gamut" I am, the ground of all accord,

"A re," to plead Hortensio's passion;

"B mi," Bianca, take him for thy lord,

"C fa ut," that loves with all affection:

"D sol re," one clef, two notes have I:

"E la mi," show pity, or I die.

Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not.

Now, from these quotations we see that the writer was familiar with the musical gamut and with the terms *treble*, *base*, and *clef*. He also correctly styles these the *rudiments of the art*, and declares it necessary to master them before touching the instrument and learning the *fingering*; and it certainly looks as if he had been taught to play the lute himself, or was, at least, familiar with the method of teaching it, from the manner in which he makes Hortensio say that "he bow'd her hand to teach her fingering." This is precisely the first thing a person is taught in learning the actual playing of a stringed instrument—to bend or curve the left hand properly for fingering, or, in other words, to "learn the position." It is very improbable that this preliminary detail would occur to a man entirely ignorant of the method of teaching the lute, though such a person might be familiar with the term *fret* as applying to a part of the instrument itself. The terms *treble* and *base* might be used correctly by an unmusical person, and just possibly the expression, "*music in three parts*"; but it is not likely that he would

* *Fret*; the stop of a lute or guitar.

† The word *jar* was in frequent use in the 16th and 17th centuries, and indeed much later, as an expression meaning to be out of tune. It is now almost obsolete in the precise sense, which is to be regretted, as it is a convenient and excellent word, and one for which we have no equivalent.—H. E. D.

use the word *clef*. When we regard, too, the scenes as a whole, and recollect that in the 16th and 17th centuries an acquaintance with the terms of music was not general as it is now, it seems highly improbable that they were written by an unmusical person. That the terms were not read up for the occasion we shall see hereafter, from the circumstance that they appear elsewhere throughout the poet's works and in writings of an earlier date. Besides, Shakspeare was not a pedant. Heaven forbid!

A special difficulty, which I have not mentioned, to be encountered in any study of Shakspeare's works, is that which arises from the fact that many of the plays and poems published under his name are only in part his own, whilst some few ascribed to him are considered to be entirely the work of other persons. But which portions of those in which he is known to have had at least a hand, are from his pen and which are not, is a question which has been the cause of much discussion and much patient labour, but which can never, in all probability, be settled. Many ingenious tests have been invented, besides the direct ones of style and development, such as those known by the uncouth terms of "end-stopt" and "run-on" verse tests; the "weak endings," "double endings," "rhyme pause," and "speech ending" tests; and although the result has been some remarkable analyses, these must, with a few exceptions, be regarded as less valuable than interesting.

The *Taming of the Shrew* first appeared in the folio edition of 1623, and is evidently an alteration and enlargement of the play entitled *Taming of a Shrew*, published in 1594. It is very generally believed that Shakspeare only wrote certain portions of the later play. The under plot (or "intrigue comedy" as some call it) of the play, from which part I have quoted and which does not appear in the older play, is considered by one writer to be the portion in which Shakspeare's hand is least apparent, an opinion which is founded, I believe, partly on an analysis of the style and partly on the result of some of the tests to which I have referred. But still this writer adds that it is "no more than a conjecture," and, therefore, I feel free to confess my humble opinion that much of those passages from which I have quoted is from the hand of Shakspeare. However, it would be out of place to discuss the question at length here, and I will content myself with one simple line of illustration, namely, the test of comparison.

In various plays of Shakspeare, in which his sole authorship is not questioned, I have found passages bearing a close analogy to some others in these parts of the *Shrew*. For instance, compare the line—

The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars,

with the following:—

If he, compact of jars, grow musical,

We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.

(*As You Like It*, ii. 7.)

Also compare Hortensio's gamut (and Petrucchio's exclamation—

I'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it,

in Act I., Scene 2 of the same comedy) with the following:—

PETER.—I will carry no crotchets: I'll re you, I'll fa you;
do you note me?

FIRST MUSICIAN.—An you re us and fa us, you note us.

(*Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 5.)

O, these eclipses do portend these divisions!

Fa, sol, la, mi. (King Lear, i. 2.)

Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.

(*Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 2.)

Compare also the lines—

"Frets, call you these?" quoth she; "I'll fume with them."

with the following:—

Though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me.

(*Hamlet*, iii. 2.)

I would 'twere something that would fret the string.

The master-cord on's heart. (Henry VIII. iii. 2.)

These quotations are not only some evidence of Shakspeare's authorship of at least portions of the disputed passages in the *Shrew*, but are otherwise useful to us in our present enquiry; for a multiplication of these instances tends to show a free familiarity with musical terms, since it discloses the fact that the poet was able to use them frequently and indiscriminately whenever he felt inclined and whenever it suited his purpose.

(To be continued.)

HAMBURG.—Marschner's opera, *Sangeskönig Hiarne*, has been performed at the Stadttheater, but with only moderate success. The next novelty will be the two-act opera, *Spanische Studenten*, already successfully produced in Copenhagen, book by W. Faber, music by S. C. Langenmüller.

PAUL TAGLIONI.

By the death of the renowned ballet-master, M. Paul Taglioni, who has just expired in Berlin, at the advanced age of seventy-five, a bond is broken which linked the Terpsichorean art of the present day with the bygone and glorious epochs of Dauborval and Gardel, Noverre and Blache, D'Egville and Blasis, Coulon and St. Léon, as composers of ballets and instructors in the "haute école" of theatrical dancing. M. Paul Taglioni was the son of an almost equally celebrated ballet-master, Philippe Taglioni, and was born at Milan, the earliest home of spectacular ballet. His public career seems to have been singularly free from the vicissitudes which are by most people supposed to be inherent to a theatrical life, and for at least thirty years Paul Taglioni occupied a lucrative and honourable position as Director of the Ballet at the Royal—now Imperial—Opera House, Berlin. In England the ballet as an independent exercise has been altogether eliminated from the Italian Opera, and relegated either to the realms of pantomime or to some theatre where the performance may be characterized as one-third opera, one-third ballet, and one-third burlesque. In Paris, again, although dancing on the most elaborate scale forms an integral part of most of the operas produced at the Académie Nationale de Musique, and although the State largely endows a Conservatoire for the training of Terpsichorean talent, the most mercurial of audiences could not without difficulty be persuaded to sit out, in M. Garnier's splendid house, at least, an entire evening devoted to the ballet. Of ballets incidental to opera, such as those which occur in, and are of material service to, the operas of *Robert le Diable*, of *Faust*, and of *L'Africaine*, our lively neighbours are, indeed, immoderately fond. They love to see the stage thronged with pink-limbed nymphs clad in gauzy radiance, made all the more coruscating by the limelight; and between the acts the "Foyer de la Danse" is, by those who have the "entrée," much more extensively frequented than the "Foyer des Artistes." Still a subscriber to the Grand Opera would not be satisfied if two evenings out of every five were habitually devoted to the ballet and the ballet only, even if the performance were as interesting and as beautiful as *Giselle* or the *Révolte du Sérail*. For ballet simple, if scarcely pure, the Parisian goes to the Eden Theatre.

On the other hand, the sedate Berliners, equally with the sprightly Milanese, are quite content to pass four hours at a time in the contemplation of a grand *ballet d'action*, and it was in the invention and organization of such protracted and elaborate performances at the Berlin Opernhaus that the late M. Paul Taglioni excelled. He was born in an age when from one end of Europe to the other grand operas, as well as ballets, flourished exceedingly. He may, as a child in his father's class-room at Milan, have been making his first *entrechats* and *enchainements* when the Treaties of Vienna were signed. Those compacts delivered over the greater part of Europe to political slavery, but indirectly they did the best of service to the cause of good singing, good dancing, and good cooking. The tyrants were remarkably fond of the art of gastronomy, practically demonstrated, and among their bondmen were a race of first-rate cooks. They also approved of music and the ballet; and enslaved Italy, not suffered to speak, and scarcely permitted to read, danced and sang as she had never sang and danced since the despotic but luxurious days before the First Revolution, the days which endowed Paris with a Sallé, a Guimard, and a Camargo, and which gifted Milan with a Lepi, a Blonchi, and a Bigottini. During the First Napoleon's sway in Italy, his Viceroy Prince Eugène Beauharnais was a constant patron of La Scala; but the Bonapartian idea both of opera and ballet was the sham classical; and Paul Taglioni's earliest choreographic impressions were of innumerable Iphigenias in Aulis and in Tauris, of Ariadnes in Naxos, of Cupid and Psyche, of Cephalus and Aurora. The time for picturesque ballet was not yet come; and, as the sham-classical performances faded into discredit, the Terpsichorean stage was for nearly fifteen years following the downfall of Napoleon occupied, to a considerable extent, in Italy, in France, and in England, by "serious" and "serio-comic" ballets, which were in reality regularly constructed dramas, only with mimetic action substituted for dialogue. Amina, in the *Sonnambula*, was a heroine of the ballet before she was an operatic one, and the immense success of the *Sonnambula* gave the death-blow to such ponderous five-act ballets as *The Wrath of Achilles*; or, *The Death of Patroclus*, as *The Festival of Bacchus*; or, *The Loves of Cyllenius*, or *Thrasimedes and Theopania*; or, *The Feast of Eleusis*. Between the years 1815 and 1831 the indefatigable Blasis produced for the King's Theatre, London, a number of "historic," "comic," and "village" "mythological ballets," ranging from *Dudley*: a Grand Historical Ballet in five acts, to *Herman and Lisbeth*, a "ballet villageois," in two acts; but the time for the triumph of the romantic over the pseudo-classical, and the equally pseudo-pastoral, was imminent. The popularity of *Lalla Rookh* suggested the grand Oriental ballet in four acts of *Mokanna*; this was followed by *Zara* and *The Sorceress and the Troubadour*, a "fairy

ballet in four acts." Then came the Revolution of July, the lyrical and literary supremacy of Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas, of Meyerbeer, Auber, and Halévy as composers, of Scribe and St Georges as librettists. The incidental "Ballet of the Nuns" in *Robert le Diable*, the astounding processions in *La Juive* and *Le Cheval de Bronze*, were new revelations in choreographic grouping and spectacular effect; and the ballet, as associated with grand opera, assumed a romantic and picturesque aspect which, during half a century, it has never lost. The *Sylphide*, which was immortalized by the dancing of the incomparable Marie Taglioni, and the plot of which suggested that of our own *Mountain Sylph*, just as Théophile Gautier's *Giselle* suggested Mr George Soane's libretto of Edward Loder's opera *The Night Dancers*, would, in the last century, have been a "serio-comic" or a "pastoral ballet," or a mere pantomimic farce like the *Fille Mal Gardée*, or *Dansomanie*. Under the influence, however, of the Renaissance of the Romantic which followed the death of Sir Walter Scott, and was concurrent with the noontide of the genius of Victor Hugo, such ballets as *La Sylphide* became exquisitely poetical and romantic conceptions, interpreted by dancers in whom the beautiful legend of the Rosicrucians seemed to be revived, and in whose literally sylph-like movements were the real line of beauty that Hogarth longed for and the essential form of grace of which Blake dreamed.

M. Paul Taglioni at Berlin, with a Court that was nothing if not military, and a public full of solid culture to cater for, who, the evening after witnessing a ballet at the Opern-haus, might flock to the adjacent Schauspiel-haus to see austere versions of *Antigone*, or *The Seven before Thebes*, had anything but an easy task to perform. An Italian by birth, he had been bred in Italian traditions of what a grand ballet should be like. The French, we all know, being born "malin," or maliciously witty, created the "vaudeville," but not the ballet. That was an Italian creation; and its inventor was clearly that Bergonzo di Botta who first signalized himself in the choreographic "festa" which he organized on the occasion of the marriage of Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, with Isabella of Aragon. Catherine de Medicis brought Italian ballets to Paris, and made them the chief amusement of her Court. Louis XIV. was passionately fond of ballets, and introduced them into all his "fêtes" at Versailles, and "entrées de ballet" were even interpolated by Royal command between the acts of Molière's comedies; though the ballet-master of the Grand Monarque was not a Frenchman, but an Italian, the Florentine Cavaliere Servandoni, originally an architect and scene-painter. Even in modern times, although the Paris Conservatoire of Dancing has never derogated from its exalted reputation as a school of art, and the "corps de ballet" of the Paris Grand Opera is, although not better drilled than at Berlin, Vienna, Milan, and St Petersburg, probably the most graceful in the whole world, it is questionable whether it has produced so many "premières danseuses" of the very first rank as Italy has done—dancers of the splendid powers of Taglioni, Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, Ferraris, to say nothing of the Germans Fanny Ellsler and Sophie Fuoco, of the Dane Lucille Grahn, and the Russian Bagdanoff. Paul Taglioni had to please patrons who, although they are said to have invented the Waltz, had yet to be made familiar with the great family of "fandangoes," "cachucas," "guarachas," "seguidillas," "boleros," "zapateados," all of immediate extraction from the Moorish "chica," but all remotely springing from the tribal dances of the African Congo. Not only these, but the Tarentella and a multitude of Italian dances had to be naturalized on the banks of the Spree; and finally spectacular ballets had to be devised, full of dramatic interest in passion, gorgeous in costume and decoration, and sufficiently interesting to afford an entire evening's amusement to an audience largely composed of gentlemen with epaulettes and spurs. The gentlemen are, after all, the real patrons of the ballet. It has been often said that ladies like to dance, but they have little taste for the dancing of members of their own sex. M. Paul Taglioni succeeded wonderfully well in the performance of his responsible task. Many of his ballets made the round of the Continental theatres; nor, remembering that the North German conception of humour is, as a rule, not much more subtle than that embodied in the *Kladderadatsch* and the *Fliegende Blätter*, did he shrink from introducing into the grandest of his ballets some occasional "comic business"—even to scenes of the "real old Joey Grimaldi" order. Aided by an admirable troupe of artists, by clever scene-painters and costumiers, and skilful machinists, and always sustained in his labours by the comfortable conviction that the management which he served—which was simply the State—was not likely to come to grief, the good director of the Opernhaus at Berlin achieved triumph after triumph in his picturesque and harmless vocation; and now that he has joined the Angiolinis and Canzianis, the Duprés and the Vestris of the past, he is entitled to honourable remembrance as one who did his best, quietly and indefatigably, to enhance the gaiety of nations.

W. B. K.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The visible manifestation upon a large screen, by means of a powerful microscope and by the employment of the electric light, of natural objects and minute organisms not otherwise perceptible to the naked eye, is the purport of the new entertainment, entitled *Les Invisibles*, given for the first time in England on Saturday in the court situated in the south transept of the Crystal Palace. The proprietors of this microscope have come to this country on the invitation of Dr Lynn, professor of sleight-of-hand and exhibitor of mechanical marvels, who has been located in the Sydenham building for two years, and we believe they have delighted large audiences with their apparatus for several months past at the Théâtre des Menus Plaisirs in Paris. Anxious for novelty, Dr Lynn claims to be the first to introduce to England the electric light in conjunction with the microscope, and it is his intention to display as many of the ordinarily unseen wonders of nature as can be conveniently illustrated in the course of a gossiping and instructive lecture of about an hour's duration. At the private view on Saturday afternoon Mr W. Grist briefly described the objects successively thrown upon the screen, embracing plant, vegetable, and animal life, animalcule, &c., magnified 4,000,000 times. Under such conditions, a pinch of dust of a rose-leaf, a tiny fragment of the leaf itself, a bit of twig of an oak a thousand years old, a scrap of oak-bark, coal, cloth, peat, tobacco leaf, and a few grains of snuff, assumed gigantic dimensions, and came out very clearly. Even more interesting was the exhibition of a drop of wine in course of fermentation, of a drop of beer, and of salt and sugar in process of crystallization. Among the miscellaneous selections from a store that is practically boundless was a section of the wing of a bee, the sting of the same insect, the leg of a fly, the head of a mosquito, with portions of the anatomy of other disturbers of nocturnal slumbers, the eye of the smallest sewing needle made, the scale of a fish, and an insect in amber. Apart from the curiosity aroused in being able to inquire so closely into the mysteries of what is known as "the invisible world" teeming around us, admiration was on Saturday excited by the beauty of many of the specimens brought forward. This term, however, could not be applied to the enlarged reproduction of a crumb of Stilton cheese, a moving mass that seemed to be preying upon itself, nor to the representation of some drops of stagnant water filled with dreadful creatures in a continual state of conflict, and in which victory invariably went to might and to size. Subsequently the human visitors were afforded some consolation by viewing a few drops of filtered water, in which the monstrosities were conspicuous by their absence. Dr Lynn may be trusted to make the programme of *Les Invisibles* free from the slightest suspicion of dullness, and it is evident that both young and old can, if they please, glean a vast amount of useful information from this display of the capabilities of the "Giant Electric Microscope."—*Daily Chronicle*.

TOOLE'S THEATRE.—A peculiarity of the "new and original" comedies written for Mr Toole is that they travel for the most part on familiar lines. They need not on that score be complained of. On the contrary, the less they depart from precedent the more, probably, are they relished by a public who love above all things that Mr Toole should be himself. Those who have been accustomed thus to treat Mr Toole as a fixed quantity in any play will not be disposed to cavil at the piece produced at this theatre the other night, from the pen of Mr Arthur Law, for every care has seemingly been taken in *A Mint of Money* to avoid ground which the popular comedian has not already made his own. Kerosine Tredgold, Mr Toole's new character, is a wealthy oilman, at whom a dead set is made by a female mesmerist and a mother and six daughters with a view to matrimony, and who, after several narrow escapes, is finally allowed to bestow himself and his money upon an ingenuous rustic maiden. Out of this complication Mr Toole, of course, contrives to draw a large amount of fresh humour, but in spite of the novelty of the motive, the part of Tredgold reminds one strongly upon the whole, of other erratic but well-meaning personages whom he has been in the habit of portraying. The ladies, in truth, are wholly subordinate to the object of their attentions, and the most important purpose they can be said to serve in the piece is to make a pretty show. The author's humour, which he exemplifies by naming the six daughters of Mrs Flutterby after the days of the week, is never at any time of a very subtle character. Nor is his story always plausible or intelligible, even for farcical action. But such circumstances tend but little apparently to mar the enjoyment of Mr Toole's patrons. Judged by the nature of its reception by the house—and it is scarcely worth while to lay down any other standard in such cases—the piece may be set down as successful, and as likely to run.

ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-SIXTH SEASON, 1883-84.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE NINETEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 21, 1884,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quintet, in E flat for two violins, two violas, and violoncello (Mozart)—Mdmé Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, Zerbini, and Piatti; Recit., "Deeper and deeper still," and Air, "Waft her, angels" (Handel)—Mr Joseph Maas; Sonata, in C major, Op. 53, dedicated to Count Waldstein, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mdlle Marie Krebs.

PART II.—Larghetto (Nardini) and Moto Perpetuo (Paganini), for violin alone—Mdmé Norman-Néruda; Song, "The Message" (Blumenthal)—Mr Joseph Maas; Trio, in E minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Spohr)—Mdlle Marie Krebs, Mdmé Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 19, 1884,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quintet, in A major, for two violins, clarinet, viola, and violoncello (Mozart)—Mdmé Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Lazarus, Hollander, and Piatti; Song, "Children" (Arthur Cecil)—Miss Santley; Sonata, in E flat, Op. 7, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mr Charles Hallé; Sonata, in G major, Op. 78, for pianoforte and violin (Brahms)—Mr Charles Hallé and Mdmé Norman-Néruda; Song, "Chant d'une jeune fille" (Goring Thomas)—Miss Santley; Märchenbilder, for pianoforte and violoncello (Schumann)—Mr Charles Hallé and Signor Piatti.

Accompanist—SIGNOR ROMILI.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OLD SCHOOL.—Mozart's Third Motet is an adaptation of a chorus from *König Thamos*, a drama for which he supplied incidental music.

NEMO.—Read *The Sanguine Colonel and the Cautious Corporal*.

TOM LINKWATER.—Neither one nor the other. The composer spoken of was Shield.

F. C. M.—J. S. Bach's "Du Hirte Israel's hore" is one of three cantatas for "Miserecordias Sunday."

ANTEATER.—Mozart in 1791—a year before, not after, Rossini was born. The three old lovers of the past are intended for Jomelli, Sarti, and Padre Martini. *La Cosa Rara* was composed at Vienna by Vincent Martin, who styled himself "for fashion's sake" (and that of the Emperor Joseph) Vincenzo Martini. Salieri, not Spon-tini, finished Gluck's intended opera, *Les Dandies*.

DEATH.

On January 10, at The Shrubbery, East End, Finchley, JOHANNAH, the wife of WILLIAM HENRY MORLEY, of No. 70, Upper Street, Islington, aged 75.

MENDELSSOHN SCHOLARSHIP.

(Communicated.)

Miss Marie Wurm has been elected to this scholarship, which is worth £80 per annum, and is renewable at the end of one, two, and three years, at the discretion of the electing committee. It is thus the most valuable prize in this country open to competition among students of music. Miss Wurm has already passed several years abroad, studying under the direction of Joachim Raff and Mdmé Schumann, and has played the piano more than once at the Crystal Palace Concerts.

There were twenty-five competitors for the scholarship, and one of these, Mr G. J. Bennett, impressed the examiners so strongly with his proficiency that they voted him a sum of money, more than sufficient to cover his fees for a year at the Royal Academy of Music, as a mark of their approval of the progress already made by him at that Institution.

MR FREDERIC CLAY is still confined to his bed from the stroke of paralysis which prostrated him some weeks ago. He has not yet regained the use of his voice.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1884.

ST MARY MAGDALEN.

A contributor to the *West Somerset Free Press* wrote as follows about Dr Stainer's "sacred cantata," *St Mary Magdalen*, in the columns of that independent and influential journal. (The article is inevitably condensed, though so slightly as to leave it all its significance):—

"*St Mary Magdalen*, a sacred cantata, by John Stainer, the well-known organist of St Paul's Cathedral, was composed expressly for the Gloucester Musical Festival of 1883, and was first performed on September 5th, in the Cathedral, under the direction of the composer. The libretto has been written by the Rev. W. J. Sparrow-Simpson, B.A., and by a judicious selection of texts, interspersed with appropriate original verse, he has successfully accomplished a rather difficult task. The work is divided into three principal parts or scenes, namely, 'The Magdalen at the house of Simon,' 'The Magdalen by the Cross,' and 'The Magdalen at the Tomb;' and in this respect differs from the earlier cantata of the composer, *The Daughter of Jairus*, written for the Worcester Musical Festival of 1878. It resembles it in general character, however, and contains many evidences of its author's style. It might naturally have been expected that a musician with so long a Church experience as that of Dr Stainer would have respected the traditions of ecclesiastical music, and therefore have aimed at dignity of utterance, concurrently with a due regard for those classical forms which, by reason of their intrinsic usefulness, and fitness for aptly clothing things of beauty, have long since obtained universal acceptance. This, however, has not been the case. Far be it from us to assert that he has handled his subject with irreverence; on the contrary, his very earnestness has led him into false modes of treatment, through intense desire to clothe each sentence, nay, each word, with appropriate music, thus falling into the fatal error of losing breadth of effect through excessive detail. The impression left is restless, the continuous changes of tonality and needlessly chromatic harmonies precluding solemnity and calm. The prevailing colour of the cantata is of sorrow; not, it must be understood, a chastened sadness, full of nobility, but a sentimental melancholy, peculiar to a regrettably-prevalent morbid state. Dr Stainer's sympathies are seemingly with those of the self-styled 'Advanced' school, and he loses no opportunity of declaring his faith. In the overture, for instance, he interpolates two recitatives, thus considerably marring the effect, while a recitative closes the cantata, although the words are well fitted for choral use. Indeed, the desire to throw off all restraints is apparent throughout. The overture, but for the eccentricity noticed above, is interesting and appropriate, and refreshingly free from the empty bombast and unbridled extravagance now so lamentably prevalent. A short recitative, 'Low bending o'er His feet in love,' assigned to a bass voice, leads to the first important vocal number, 'Ah, woe is me,' for soprano. This lament of St Mary Magdalen is characterized by intense feeling, and is almost tearful in its earnestness. The following choral recitative, 'This Man, if He were a prophet,' is unimportant, but the succeeding number, 'Happy art thou, Magdalen,' is graceful and pleasing, and may prove acceptable for separate performance. The next piece is a remarkable example of the restlessness before alluded to, in the recitative, 'And Jesus turned to the Woman,' consisting of two pages only, there being six changes of key and seven of speed. A welcome relief is found in the chorus, 'Come, ye sin-defiled and weary'—simple, unpretentious, and as a natural consequence impressive. Passing over a brief recitative, 'I beseech you, brethren,' we reach the most scholarly number of the cantata, the chorus, 'For none of us liveth to himself,' lofty in conception, and successful in execution, music worthy of high esteem, remarkably pure and genial, and showing its author to be capable of great things. The second scene begins with a movement of rather peculiar construction. Commencing with a choral recitative, a bass solo ensues, followed by a chorus of *chorale* character, succeeded by a trio for soprano, contralto, and bass, the whole concluding with a resumption of the *chorale*. The tenor song, 'O thou that weepst,' is unsatisfactory, as is also the chorus of Roman soldiers, 'Let Christ, the King, descend,' of which last the

next number may be considered a continuation. The chorus, 'Rest in peace,' is tranquil and chaste, and shows how by simple means may be produced great effects. This ends the second scene. The third division begins with the chorus, 'Awake, awake,' a healthy composition, bright and cheery. The next number is chiefly remarkable for the pathetic lament, 'They have taken away my Lord,' of the sorrow-stricken Magdalen. The angels' chorus, 'He is not here,' can by no stretch of the imagination be considered satisfactory, and the same remark applies to the next number, 'The watchmen that go about the city.' The final chorus, 'Magdalena, past is wailing,' deserves serious attention, and exhibits its composer's talent in no uncertain light. Its interest is well sustained, the writing, though unassuming, is musicianly; and well-ordered development leads to an effective close, marred, however, as observed before, by an entirely unnecessary appendage. In few words may be set forth the merits and faults of this cantata. That the former outweigh the latter will, we believe, be generally conceded. Where the music is natural and unaffected, there is it strongest; while its weakness lies in those parts where these excellent qualities are least observable. If the composer will have the moral courage to resist the evil influences of modern aggressive radicalism, and keep to the old paths of pleasantness and peace, then may we expect works from his pen worthy to rank with accepted masterpieces.

Who, after the foregoing, can look upon himself as exempt from the consequences of anti-Wagnerianism? Recant before it is too late, *O West Somerset Free Press!* Beware of Sagamore and Pencerdd Gwffyn.

CONCERTS.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—The 222nd Soirée-Muscale took place on the 10th January, on which occasion several new rising artistes made their debuts. A number of the old members of the society took part, and the soirée passed off very successfully. Herr Schubert conducted.

KENSINGTON TOWN HALL.—Mr W. R. Phillips's choir gave the *Messiah* at the above hall on Wednesday, Jan. 9th. The soloists were Mmes Edith Wynne and Antoinette Sterling, Messrs Rowland Guy and Albert Walter. The choir numbered some sixty singers. The orchestra played throughout in an excellent manner. Mr Guy sang the tenor music with undoubted ability. Of Mmes Edith Wynne and Antoinette Sterling it is almost superfluous to speak, each sang so well. The former, in the air, 'Rejoice greatly,' sang splendidly; and 'I know that my Redeemer liveth' was given in thoroughly artistic style. Mme Sterling sang the airs and recitatives assigned to the contralto with genuine feeling, interpreting the poetry of the music in a manner which had a marked effect upon the audience. Mr Albert Walter, who rendered the bass music, made an exceedingly favourable impression. His voice is strong, of good range, of full open tone, and his style thoroughly finished. 'Why do the nations' was loudly encored. Mr Walter will doubtless make his mark. The choruses were vigorously and expressively sung. Mr Phillips conducted in his usually skilful manner. Mr Winter was at the pianoforte, Mr Bennett at the harmonium, and to Mr Morrow were entrusted the trumpet passages.—J. R.

ALBERT HALL.—The Choral Society which flourishes so honourably at the Royal Albert Hall, under the direction of Mr Barnby, gave Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* on Wednesday evening, which was marked with all the usual excellences of delivery. It would be impossible to over-estimate the grandeur of the general effect. In none of Handel's oratorios are there such happily-defined varieties of dramatic purpose—the national lamentations of the first part, abounding in pathetic apostrophe inexpressibly intense and touching, yielding presently to the warlike zeal and hopefulness of the second, and then to the triumphant peans of victory and thanksgiving of the third, affording a series of scenes to which, as Handel has delineated them, we can call to mind no parallel. The opportunities for choral singing in its best and most striking aspects abound, as the world well knows, in this grandly-conceived oratorio; and to Mr Barnby and his well-trained choir we were indebted on Wednesday last for a rendering which could not well be surpassed for truthfulness of definition and, most especially, for those observances of colour and contrast without which these majestic musical pictures would lose no little of their character and meaning. The well-known choruses, 'Mourn, ye afflicted children,' 'Disdainful of danger,' 'Ah! wretched Israel,' 'We never will bow down,' and others that might be mentioned, fully denoted upon the present occasion the careful preparation they had received and how sympathetically they had been studied. Upon Miss Anna Williams and Mme Fasset devolved the soprano and contralto airs; and, as each lady did her best, the music could but be represented faithfully and intelligently. Mr Maas and Mr F. King were

the other principals. The band of the Coldstream Guards was in attendance to give extra brilliancy and flavour to the theatrical—but none the less acceptable—march, 'See the Conquering Hero comes.'—H.

M. VON ZASTROW'S "DRAWING ROOM MUSIC."—M. F. Von Zastrow holds serial *concerts de salon* every week at Glendower Mansions, South Kensington. At a *soirée* on Saturday, Jan. 5, Miss Mabel Bourne played some pianoforte solos by Bach, Weber, and Chopin, in very elegant style; and Herr Polonaski excited a *furor* in De Beriot's Concerto for Violin, in D major, where occur very wide skips, double stoppings, and other feats of fine "fiddling," enough, as the saying is, "to frighten a horse from his oats!" Two strings broke, owing to the heat of the atmosphere! The concerted work was Grieg's Sonata (of three movements), in F, for piano and violin, played by Miss Bourne and M. Polonaski. Mme Polonaski sang a *lied* of Taubert and Gounod's Barcarolle, in A flat, with taste and expression. Mr Grime, a young man with a deep bass voice (a leading member of a church choir in the vicinity), gave good proof of his power, singing "Honour and arms" (from *Samson*) and Gounod's "Nazareth," in the original key of C. Some impertinent and idle talking on the part of sundry loungers resident in the hotel greatly annoyed the artists, and, indeed, the attentive auditors. The director was obliged to remonstrate, and at one time a suspension of the concert seemed to be imminent, owing to the exasperation of the artists at this rude behaviour of "ladies and gentlemen," so-called by courtesy.—A. M.

MR WILLING'S CHOIR.—The second concert of this society's season took place in St James's Hall on Tuesday evening, and was well attended. It appealed to lovers of variety, since, apart from Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis Night*, the whole of the programme consisted of short, miscellaneous selections. This indicates a purpose on the part of Mr Willing to make the mission of his choir as comprehensive as possible, and to exercise in perfect liberty his right of choice. The pieces performed on Tuesday were so familiar that absolutely no comment upon them is required. Mendelssohn's fine dramatic cantata—which connoisseurs can never hear without regret that its composer did not leave an opera behind him—was efficiently rendered, the solos being taken by Mme Patey, Mr E. Levetus, and Mr Bridson, the artist last named, of course, representing the Priest whom Mendelssohn, when at Rome in 1830, loved to picture "with the trombones behind him." Some heavy work, it need hardly be said, devolved upon the orchestra and chorus, but its difficulties were surmounted to the satisfaction of the audience. In the miscellaneous part the orchestra had the overtures to *Mireille* and *Leonora* (No. 3), that of Beethoven being so played as to evoke a demand for a repetition, which very properly was not granted. Mme Patey sang "Che farò" with the breadth and dignity, combined with tenderness, in which she is never wanting when Glück's music is the theme; and Mr Maas was heard at his best in Costa's "Philistines, hark!" and Purcell's "Come if you dare"—two pieces admirably adapted to show the quality and power of his splendid voice. Miss Mary Beare* made a favourable impression with "Bel raggio" and Mendelssohn's "Infelice." She is evidently an artist who will repay attention. On his part Mr Bridson contributed the musicianly air, "What would I do for my Queen?" from Goring Thomas's *Esmeralda*.—D. T.

A CONCERT was given, by permission of the Rev. Mr Kitson, in the schoolroom of All Saints, Clapton, on Monday evening last, by the well-known teacher and vocalist Mme Reeves and her pupils. Mme Reeves contributed Sir Julius Benedict's variations on the "Carneval de Venise," Meyerbeer's "Robert toi que j'aime," Odoardo Barri's "Never to part," and Wellington Guernsey's "O buy my flowers," &c., several of which she had to repeat. The second part of the concert consisted of Franz Abt's cantata *Cinderella*, written for female voices, which was admirably given by Miss Nellie Townson (*Cinderella*), Miss Annie Martin (*the Prince*), Miss A. Bradshaw (*White Bird*), Misses M. King and Bradshaw (*the Sisters*), Misses King, Jones, Gentry, Georgina and Mr Sidney Reeves (*the Birds*). The room was well filled by an enthusiastic audience, and the concert concluded with the National Anthem.

MME MARIE ROZE AT CHESTER.—Last Thursday week Colonel Henry Mapleson and Mme Marie Roze, upon the invitation of the Duke of Westminster, visited Eaton Hall, and there met a distinguished party, including the Duke of Cambridge, Lord and Lady Powerscourt, the Marquis of Ormonde, the Marquis of Waterford, the Countess Grosvenor, and Lord B. Paget. On Saturday the party visited the theatre at Chester, where the Carl Rosa Company were performing, and the Duchess of Westminster presented a bouquet to Mme Roze.

* Formerly a pupil of Professor Goldberg.

PROVINCIAL.

LEEDS.—The following notice has been sent by Dr Spark to the vicar and churchwardens of St George's, Leeds:—

DEAR SIRS,—I feel reluctantly compelled to tender you my resignation as organist and choir master of St George's Church, and beg that you will relieve me from my engagement on the last day of March next. To leave the church at a time when I am blessed with good health and strength, and to separate myself after so long a period of service from valued friends and associations, cannot but cause me very sincere regret, but the circumstances under which I am now obliged to carry on my duties leave me no alternative. —I am, yours faithfully,
WM. SPARK.
January 7, 1884.

It may be stated that it is just thirty-four years ago, when a very young man, Dr Spark came to Leeds to accept the proffered appointment of organist of St George's Church. The choir of the church was then and for many subsequent years in the gallery, immediately in front of the organ, and it is no exaggeration to say that with the superior leading singers no better church singing could be heard in the county. Dr Spark was urged and encouraged to write new anthems, services, kyries, hymn-tunes, and chants; and altogether, with the vicar, wardens, congregation, organist, and choir, there was an *esprit de corps* which made this church the envy of some and the pride of many. Subsequently the choir was removed downstairs, surplined, and the singers were placed near the pulpit, and the organ was allowed to remain in its old place in the gallery—a fatal mistake, in the opinion of Dr Spark, in a dead church with a flat roof and no resonance—the result being that the singing often has been out of time and unsatisfactory. A short time ago the organ was repaired and put in order, but the organist's pew was at the same time so reduced in size and comfort that Dr Spark has for this and other reasons given in his resignation. —*Yorkshire Post*.

ASHTON.—Mr Brinley Richards, the famous composer, paid another visit to Oxford Mills Hall on Thursday evening, January 10th, and delivered a lecture on "Ancient and Modern Music" to a very large audience. Mr Rupert Mason occupied the chair. The vocal illustrations were rendered by Miss Woodhatch and Miss Eleanor Ries, of the Royal Academy of Music, accompanied by Mr Richards, and well did they perform the work apportioned them. In the course of his classic dissertation the lecturer referred to the antiquity of music, which was, he said, as old as language itself. He traced its history from the earliest recorded times, alluding to its power and social value, and contrasted, by the aid of pianoforte selections, the various musical characteristics which individualized the world's history. He referred at length to the introduction of musical instruments with keyboards—the virginal (so called from its being used by the nuns), the harpsichord, and lastly the pianoforte, and he gave imitations of their several peculiarities. The ancient Hebrew music was also touched upon, and the Welsh musical customs came likewise under criticism. The lecture was full of humour and sparkling anecdote, and was highly appreciated. The vocal illustrations comprised songs characteristic of various nations, which were rendered by the lady artists in a finished manner, displaying great musical ability, their efforts calling forth repeated encores. —*Ashton Reporter*.

CHICHESTER.—Mdmé Jenny Viard-Louis gave a concert at the Assembly Rooms on January 10th, which was in every respect most successful. Her selections were from Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Fumagalli, and Liszt. She was most ably assisted by the following artists: Miss Alice Fripp, Mdlle Giovanna Ameris, MM. Traherne, Ernest Cecil, and Miss Amy Hickling (violin); accompanist, Mdmé Mina Gould. The entertainment was altogether a "triumph"; indeed, the best concert we have witnessed here for a long time. We are informed that the same concert party contemplate a tour in Cornwall and the West of England during the last week of the month, after which Mdmé Viard-Louis returns to London for her grand series of "Beethoven Concerts," which begin on the 5th February, at Princes Hall, Piccadilly.

NOTTINGHAM.—The Albert Hall was crowded in every part last Saturday night, when the vocalists were Mdmé Gardiner and Miss Lynn, of Nottingham, Mr Buck, of Lincoln, and Mr Gadsby. Miss Dinelli (violin), Mr Dinelli (violoncello), and the band of the "Robin Hood" Rifles, under the conductorship of Mr J. H. Twinn, also assisted. Mdmé Gardiner gave "The Last Dream," by Cowen, and Diehl's popular ballad, "Going to Market," both having to be repeated, and in response to the latter sang "Just as Well." Miss Lynn gave Roedel's "Angus Macdonald" and Watson's "Only the sound of a voice." Mr Buck, who made his first appearance before a public audience in Nottingham, selected "the Pilgrim of Love" and "the Death of Nelson," doing full justice to both. Mr Gadsby gave Barri's "At Anchor" and "Blow high, blow low," by Dibdin. Miss Dinelli's performances on the violin included Beriot's famous "Scène de Ballet" and Ries' well-known "Gavotte," and

was vociferously encored after each. Mr Dinelli, who acted as accompanist, also gave two solos on the violoncello. The pieces performed by the band were the overture to the *Poet and Peasant*, selections from *Il Trovatore*, *Iolanthe*, and the *University Grand March*.

KEGWORTH (NOTTINGHAM).—On Thursday evening, Jan. 10, a concert of vocal and instrumental music was given in the Temperance Hall on behalf of the Mechanics' Institution. The hall was crammed, many persons being unable to obtain admission. The amateur string band, under the conductorship of Mr T. S. Selby, of Nottingham, performed selections from *William Tell* and the overture, *The Caliph of Bagdad*. Miss Chegwidgen sang "O loving heart trust on," Mrs. Gardiner an "Ave Maria" (clarinet obligato by Mr H. Lazarus), and Mr Mellor "The better land." Mr Baker gave "The Boatswain's Story," and the trio, "O Memory," was pleasingly rendered by Mrs Gardiner, Miss Chegwidgen, and Mr E. Mellor. Mr Selby played a solo on the violoncello, for which he was very warmly cheered.

MAILVERN WELLS.—A concert of an unusually interesting character was given in the National Schoolroom. It was organized for the purpose of reducing the deficiency now existing in the funds of that institution by the ever ready and indefatigable organist, Mr F. F. Rogers, who had for his supporters such well-known performers as Messrs W. Elzy, H. Brown, J. A. Walker, Harvey, Davis, Byrston, and Haynes. The lady vocalists were Miss Bowden and Miss Price, the latter being a lady from the "faithful city." The concert opened with a capitolly-played duet by Diabelli, the executants being Miss E. Rogers and Mr F. G. Rogers. Many items in the programme were re-demanded, conspicuous among them being a clever new song from the pen of Mr F. F. Rogers, entitled, "I know not yet" (words by Clifton Bingham), and capitolly sung by Mr W. Elzy.

NORWICH.—Mr Burton is to be congratulated on the result of the concert given by him on Monday night, January 7th, in Noverr's Assembly Rooms. It was a complete success. A large and influential audience assembled, and a programme, choice and varied, and one combined of exclusively local talent was put before them. Mr Burton was ably assisted by his son, Mr E. Burton, and daughter, Miss Burton, whose musical attainments are already well known in this city; Mr E. Burton more especially for his recent honours at the Royal Academy of Music. Suffice it to say that their performances, one and all, were fully appreciated. Outside Mr Burton's family circle the services of Messrs F. C. Atkinson, Mus. Bac., C. Holden, W. E. Tuddenham, and the Orpheus Vocal Union proved most valuable. We must also make special mention of the performance of Mr Kingston Rudd (Chopin's Polonaise, Op. 53), for which he was rapturously encored, and in response contributed Henselt's Study and Romance in F sharp major. —*Norfolk Chronicle*.

MANCHESTER.—There was a crowded hall on Thursday night, Jan. 10, as there always is when Berlioz's *Faust* is performed—and this romantic music has evidently not yet lost its power to charm. The *Damnation of Faust* has now been heard seven times in Manchester, and—says *The Examiner* and *Times*—since Mr Hallé first produced it, enthusiastic audiences in many parts of the kingdom have confirmed the verdict which Manchester gave so emphatically six years ago. We are, of course, always proud of local discrimination, and are not surprised that this wonderful work continues to excite and delight such large audiences; and though we might be willing to sacrifice the pleasure of hearing *Faust* for a season if it were replaced either by another modern work or one of the rarely-heard oratorios of Handel, we are far from saying that interest in the work is likely to be soon exhausted. As a musical poet and humourist, and as a master of orchestral effect, the composer is at his greatest in his *Faust*, and frequently a single bar is a masterstroke of genius. It is music, moreover, that haunts the listener for days after he has heard it, and though here and there weak places and conventional tricks may be noticed, the splendour and originality of Berlioz's *Faust* is more and more apparent as its details become familiar. The principal singers were Miss Mary Davies, Mr Lloyd, Mr Hilton, and Mr F. King. Miss Davies sang with refinement and intelligence; Mr Lloyd's impassioned delivery of the love scenes was irreproachable; Mr Hilton's rendering of the "Rat" song was not less appreciated than heretofore; and Mr King undertook the music of Mephistopheles for the first time here. The members of the choir exerted themselves with unmistakable success, and their singing was creditable both to themselves and the zealous choir master, Mr Hecht. But to none were the honours of the evening more largely due than to the band. Familiarity with the wonderfully picturesque and imaginative music has apparently not made them indifferent to it, and we certainly never heard the orchestral music to greater advantage. The Hungarian March and the Ballet

des Sylphes were repeated, and the effective and striking dance of the Will o' the Wisp, one of the most original inspirations in the work, would probably also have been encoired had its place been in the first part.

LEEDS.—A local musical critic thinks that the *Messiah* and Handel have had their day, and that both are played out! *Fi done!* In operatic composition—though there is more really abstract musicianly work in two of his numbers here than in twenty of the modern operas—serious or comic, this may be true, because of its inadaptability to the requirements of the modern stage. But in oratorio never will he be “played out.” It was fortunate, indeed, that Handel’s ill-success in opera led him in the latter part of his career to turn attention wholly to that species of work which has rendered his name immortal, and which, so long as there are ears to hear, and hearts to feel, and minds to comprehend, must cause him to be regarded as among the most honoured of the world’s heroes. Among these treasures of the sacred lyre, there is none that unites so many of the elements of beauty and of sublimity as the *Messiah*. We are equally affected by its grandeur and its tenderness, its pathos and its rejoicing; it melts us with its deepest compassion, a loving devotion broods over the whole as with the wings of an angel. It is the song of hope and gratitude, asking a response from immortal souls! No! Handel is not played out!”—W.G. (*Leeds Daily News*.)

TORQUAY.—An evening concert, patronized by the Duchess of Sutherland, and under the direction of Mr E. Craddock, Mus.Bac., organist of Upton Church, Torquay, was given at the Bath Saloon, Torquay, on Friday, Jan. 4th, on behalf of the British Seaman’s Home. The principal vocalists were Miss Mary Beare, R.A.M., Miss Campbell, and Mr H. Sullivan. Miss Mary Beare (one of Professor Goldberg’s talented pupils) rendered, in artistic style, Rossini’s “*Bel raggio*,” as well as Sir Arthur Sullivan’s “*Orpheus with his lute*.” Miss Beare has a voice clear and full. For a charming and perfectly-executed cadenza, introduced at the close of the last verse, the artist provoked an encore so irresistible that she had to respond by giving, with much grace, Ganz’s amusing song, “*A damsel fair was singing*.” Miss Campbell, by her rendering of Faure’s “*Les Rameaux*,” earned well-merited applause. Mr H. Sullivan sang Dick’s “*Farewell*” (re-called). Miss Dinah Shapley (one of Mr F. B. Jewson’s best pupils) gave a fine interpretation of Chopin’s *Scherzo* in B flat minor. It was a brilliant illustration of Miss Shapley’s qualities, which have gained for her some of the highest distinctions the Royal Academy of Music can bestow. The Upton Church choir gave several part-songs, which were most favourably received.

LIVERPOOL.—Seldom has a more perfect performance been given of Bizet’s tuneful and highly dramatic opera of *Carmen* than that at the Court Theatre on Wednesday night by Carl Rosa’s most efficient company. The representation was complete in every respect; the vocalization was of the highest order, the orchestra was numerous and most skilfully led, and the scenery and stage arrangements left nothing to be desired. The chief interest in the performance centred in Mme Roze, who was in splendid voice, and her rendering of the song to the troopers, “*By the ramparts of Seville*,” at once “took” the audience, who demanded an encore; she was equally successful in the song and chorus, “*A wild Bohemian love-song trilling*,” “*Now I’ll dance to please thee*,” and “*I love but thee*.” Her acting was marked by power and originality, and whether it was the scenes where she played the coquette with the smugglers and soldiers or in the declamative passages with her jealous lover, her performance was equally acceptable. Mr Barton McGuckin has not long been associated with opera. The progress he has made since his *debut* both in vocalization and acting was fully testified by his exceedingly able rendering of the part of Jose. Throughout he sung the music with refinement and vocal skill, and his acting—particularly in the last act when in his jealous frenzy he slays *Carmen*—was intensely dramatic. Mr Leslie Crotty, as the Toreador, sustained his reputation as being one of the most able exponents of operatic characters. His beautiful voice and excellent method were never shown to better advantage, and he thoroughly deserved the plaudits he received. Miss Clara Perry was Michaela, and Mr Snazelle the chief of the smugglers; and Mr Rosa and Captain Bainbridge are to be congratulated on affording the Liverpool people so great an operatic treat.

Mr John Cross announces the formation of a “West Central School of Music” at Verdi House, Burton Crescent, and at the Holborn New Town Hall, with a staff of well known professors and Sir Julius Benedict as “Visitor.” A school of music in the West Central district has long been wanting, and Mr Cross is the right man in the right place to carry it out with success.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

We are not inclined to be very critical when a great London theatre is opened for the performance of English opera. The tenants may call themselves a Royal English Opera Company, and begin with a work which is not English at all, but the lyric drama in our own vernacular, performed by artists of home growth and training, is something to be thankful for. It shows, at any rate, that the native stage is not only existent, but sufficiently alive for the risking of considerable interests upon its vitality. Should the company which opened Covent Garden theatre last night continue at work through the winter months, its season and that of Mr Carl Rosa, which begins at Drury Lane on Easter Monday, will give us at least four months of continuous English performances. Wonderful, yet wonderful only because strange. Otherwise it is in the legitimate order of events. Berlin, Paris, and Milan do not lift up astonished hands at the idea of four months’ German, French, and Italian opera. The Royal English Opera Company is not, it appears, a brand-new institution. Provincial amateurs first made its acquaintance some time ago, and also were given the opportunity of passing judgment upon the work which, last night, was first presented to a London audience. Far be it from us to say here, *Experimentum in corpore vili*; since the public of our great provincial towns now rank on an equality with that of the metropolis as regards all matters involving artistic perception. At the same time there can be no quarrel on the part of Londoners with an arrangement that spares them, perhaps, a certain measure of suffering. By all means let the provinces say whether a work is fit to be passed onwards and upwards to the metropolis. Victor Nessler’s *Piper of Hamelin* (*Der Rattenfänger von Hameln*) was the opera witnessed last night, and the question naturally arises, Who is Victor Nessler? Answer: He is an Alsatian, forty-two years old, who has written several operas, and had the credit of being a respectable musician till 1879, when he produced *Der Rattenfänger von Hameln*, and then became something more than respectable. At present, he acts as musical director of the Town Theatre, Leipzig, where, little more than a year ago, his latest work, *Der Wilde Jäger*, was brought out. Everybody knows the legend of the Piper of Hamelin, even if no more has been read concerning it than appears in Mr Robert Browning’s famous poem. All the chief incidents there narrated enter into the opera. Hamelin is overrun with rats and mice, a mysterious piper offers to clear the town of them for a certain sum; he fulfils his contract; the dishonourable burghers then decline to pay, and the piper, in revenge, draws the children after him, as he drew the rats, to a watery grave in the Weser. Manifestly a five-act opera could not be constructed on the lines, few in number, grim in character, of this mediæval tradition. Wherefore, Herr Friedrich Hofmann, the German librettist, interwove with them the threads of a love interest. These introduce a variety of characters, needless to describe in detail. Enough that Hunold, the Ratcatcher, exercises a subtle power over not only rats and children, but women. By unholy influence he draws the love of Gertrude, a Hamelin maiden, from the honest blacksmith, Wulff, to himself, and confident in his black art, makes a bet that he will obtain a kiss even from Regina, the Burgomeister’s daughter. Much turns upon this. Gertrude is, in her way, a Senta, and, although she imagines herself forsaken and betrayed, wills to die for Hunold, when the Ratcatcher is condemned for bewitching Regina. After having been accepted as a substitute for punishment, she drowns herself in the river. This is the actual inspiration of the Ratcatcher’s revenge, and leads up to the final catastrophe of the children. It follows that the story has the merit of simplicity and directness, though it must be admitted that the interest imported by Herr Hofmann is not very strong, and where it should be the foremost consideration, comes very near the character of a too lengthy episode. It is for the mysterious Piper as the worker of a terrible doom, rather than as a candidate for woman’s love and kisses, that we care to concern ourselves. The libretto, moreover, lacks a sufficient number of striking situations. There are some about which we would not say a deprecatory word, but when a curtain falls ten times, need arises for more than two or three in order to tide interest over so many gaps. Otherwise, and having regard to the inherent difficulties—so obvious that they need not be pointed out—the book is a fairly good one. Admitting the story, our gravest objection is that Wagner’s Senta, Eric, and the Dutchman, re-appear in it, much travestied, no doubt, but still recognizable.

Herr Nessler’s music, whatever it may do, will not revive the smouldering controversy that, a short while since, raged around “advanced principles.” It is not “advanced,” nor has it more of the latest teaching and practice than occasional free and frequent modulation. Yet we learn that the opera has met with immense success in Germany, it having been “repeatedly performed at Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Hanover, Leipzig, and other musical

centres," while, in all, over 500 representations have taken place. The significance of such favour goes beyond Nessler and his opera. It shows that were an Elijah of the old *cult* to lift up his voice and say, "I, even I, only remain," he would be even more wrong than was the Tishbite in the midst of a Baal-worshipping generation. As we have said, Herr Nessler moves on the old lines, and valiantly tries to show that he is equal to their demands upon his musician-ship. We approve his choice, and are ready to applaud his opera—with due reservation—for the *Piper of Hamelin* is not a great work in the sense of the term as applied to the masterpieces of classic art. It will make no epoch—for which, perhaps, there is reason to be thankful, seeing what curious things are sometimes recommended for the distinction—but it contains a mass of pleasing music, mostly well written, always melodious, clear in design and purpose, employing many of the devices of the art for their own sake—witness a charming set in canon on the octave (encored last night)—and keeping with commendable fidelity to forms sanctified by the use of the masters, and by them continuously developed. Herr Nessler does not steer clear of reminiscences, but now and then unconsciously jogs the memory of his audience, and sets them at the work of identification. This, however, can hardly be called a drawback, so confidently is it expected and allowed for where the composer is not a great creative genius. But the entire work suggests a comparison that holds good in many essential respects. Though Weber flashes out in the orchestra occasionally, the music, as a whole, calls to mind Flotow. No doubt there are important points of difference; but we recognize in *The Piper of Hamelin* the melodic gift, the directness of expression, if not the affectation, the want of elevation, and the simple charm that appear in *Martha*. No further attempt need be made to convey an idea of Herr Nessler's method. In other respects the merit of the music lies in its pleasant, easily recognized qualities. There runs through it a stream of tune, the character of which nothing is allowed to obscure; the course of which nothing is permitted to stop. On the other hand, its main defect seems to be a want of strongly salient numbers to carry on interest, as peak after peak, receding to the horizon in a mountain land, catch and carry on the delighted eye. We have spoken of the set, and that undoubtedly is a notable piece; so, too, in its broadly humorous way, is a drinking scene for the Town Clerk, Ethelrus, and Rhyn-perg, a jolly friar of orders grey. Other examples might be adduced, but there should be more of them than we recognize in this five-act opera. Yet when all is said, the music remains agreeable and musicianly; not a thing to rave about or to lay down one's life for, but to enjoy now and then and be thankful. On this account the Royal English Opera Company have done service by producing the *Piper of Hamelin*. We may state here that the work was performed on Monday night with few excisions, and that the English version was from the pen of Mr Henry Hersee, whose greatest success in a difficult line we may consider it to be.

The performance was given under the direction of Mr Gilbert H. Betjemann, with a competent orchestra led by Mr Carrodus, and a chorus strongly reinforced from the Royal Italian Opera. That it cannot be praised as faultless will surprise few, having regard to the novelty of the work. There were, however, not many shortcomings likely to survive the representations of the present week, or the "shaking down" of everybody concerned into his place. Miss Rose Hersee, as Gertrude, the maiden who loves Hunold even unto death, made the mark which was expected of her now considerable experience and acknowledged gifts. Whenever this lady appears on the stage it is known that one part will be given a good account of; and last night her embodiment of the infatuated girl by no means wanted for intelligence, feeling, or, we are glad to say, success. Of Mdle Catherine Devrient (Regina), a *débutante* we believe, there is no need to say more at present than that nature has endowed her with valuable stage qualities, and also nervousness, which is not valuable, however becoming. Miss Helen Armstrong did important service in the part of Dorothea, Regina's aunt, while a good word was fairly earned by Mr Arthur Rousbey (Wulff), who will do far better eventually; by Mr Pierpoint (Heribert), and by Mr E. Muller (Priest), whose share of the drinking scene suffered nothing at his hands. Mr Albert McGuckin (Burgomaster) acquitted himself well, both vocally and dramatically, and was a conspicuous and acceptable figure. Mention should also be made in a favourable sense of Mr V. Roberts (Sunneborne). The more important male parts fell to Mr Sauvage (Hunold), and Mr Charles Lyall (Town Clerk). We shall not say that Mr Sauvage put himself beyond criticism. His task would have tried even an experienced artist, but his exertions were most praiseworthy, showing, indeed, that while much remains to do, not a little has been done. Mr Lyall, one of our best operatic comedians, and in his way without a rival, filled in the mere sketch of the Town Clerk like the artist he is, giving it a multitude of life-like touches and showing how real and interesting it could be made. In the

drinking scene already named Mr Lyall moved the house to general laughter, and, helped by Mr Muller, secured a warm encore. The audience was large, and the applause all through the evening obviously genuine.—D. T.

BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

Adolphe Adam's *Brasseur de Preston*, here denominated *Der Brauer von Preston*, has, after a lapse of forty-four years, been again performed at the Royal Operahouse, and again failed to enlist in any great degree the sympathy of the public, who, as their fathers and grandfathers did before them, when the work was first produced here, pronounce the libretto uninteresting and the music deficient in grace and melody. It is not generally known that Adolphe Adam once composed the music of a ballet, *Die Hamadryaden*, for the Royal Operahouse, and, on his road back from St Petersburg to Paris, attended the first performance.—Mdle Elisabeth Scharwenka, a pupil of Mdme Viardot-Garcia's, has appeared as Marguerite de Valois in *Les Huguenots*.—A new ballet, *Nourjahd*, plot by the ballet-master, Herr Guillemain, and music by Herr Eichelberg, will be produced next month. It is in two acts.—Suppé's *Afrikareise* is in rehearsal at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, and will probably be ready about the end of the month. The book is being entirely re-modelled for Berlin by Herr Albin Rheinisch, whose treatment of the libretto of *La Fille du Tambour Major*, for the Wallhalla Theater, proved that he possessed a remarkable aptitude for such kind of work.—The anniversary of R. Wagner's death will be kept with great solemnity by the Berlin Wagner Association at the Philharmonie. The orchestra there will be materially strengthened on the occasion, and several leading vocalists have promised their co-operation.—Mdme Marie Lehmann, mother of the well-known sisters Lilly and Marie, died here recently, aged 76. Like her daughters, she was once a lyric artist, and sang for a long time under Spohr at Cassel. She afterwards became a harpist, and as such belonged to the orchestras in Würzburg and Prague. She was for very many years a great friend of R. Wagner, who always took a deep interest in her two daughters.

Sig. Guglielmo Branca's opera, *Hermosa*, first produced last year in Florence, is in rehearsal at the Politeama Livornese, Leghorn.

BRUSSELS.—M. Ernest Reyer's opera of *Sigurd* has been produced at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, after the composer had, for fifteen years, vainly attempted to get it produced at the Grand Opera or elsewhere in Paris. The book, in four acts, is by MM. Camille du Locle and Arthur Blau, who have taken their subject from the source to which Wagner went for his *Nibelungen Trilogy*, that is to say to the old Sagas of the North, and accordingly among the characters are to be found Gunther, Bruneilde, and others with whom the Bayreuth Master has long rendered the public familiar. Like the book, the score displays strong Wagnerian tendencies. It was favourably received by a crowded and exceptionally distinguished audience, including the representatives of the leading Paris papers. The performers were efficient; the chorus and orchestra, under the experienced guidance of M. Dupont, well in hand, and the scenery and dresses admirable; in fact the managers, MM. Stoumon and Calabresi, omitted nothing in their power to render *Sigurd* a success.

WIESBADEN.—Herr Louis Ehlert died suddenly at a concert here on the 4th inst. Had he lived to see another Sunday, he would have been 59, having been born at Königsberg on the 13th January, 1825. At the age of twenty he entered the Leipsic Conservatory under Mendelssohn and Schumann. He then continued his studies in Vienna and Berlin, settling, about 1850, as a music-master in the latter town. He paid repeated visits to Italy, and resided for a considerable period in Florence, where he directed a vocal association called the Società Cherubini. From 1869 to 1871, he was a member of the staff at Carl Tausig's School in Berlin, and then for some years music-master to the young Ducal Prince of Meiningen, after which he settled in Wiesbaden. He composed a good deal, but did not publish much. Among his works may be mentioned his *Frühlings-symphonie*; an overture: *Hajis*, and one to *A Winter's Tale*; and a *Requiem für ein Kind*. But he was best known as a writer on music. He contributed to the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, the *Deutsche Rundschau*, and other leading German periodicals. His *Briefe über Musik an eine Freundin*, have gone through several editions and been translated into various foreign languages, while his Essays entitled *Aus der Tomwelt* are equally popular.

THE THEATRE.

Another volume—the second of the new series—of Mr Clement Scott's histrionic review, *The Theatre* takes its place among the books of the season, bringing to the table of 1884 the reports on dramatic doings from July to December of the old year. Nor alone do the chronicles of the stage occupy these handsomely printed pages. Full and faithful as are the records of events that specially interest the actor and the Thespian amateur, music and the fine arts are by no means left out in the cold. "Our Musical-Box" is the quaintly equivocal title given to a department of the review which is maintained with equal spirit and knowledge; and the occasional references to pictorial and plastic art, though of less frequency, are governed with a taste and judgment worthy a publication which is itself adorned in thoroughly artistic manner. The portraits of celebrities whose names give zest to a play-bill are, indeed, a speciality of *The Theatre*; and the art which is younger than many of its followers—photography, that is to say—has rarely been exemplified with an effect more gratifying than in the portrayal of Miss Ellen Terry, Mr John Hare, Mr Hermann Vezin, and other public favourites. A likeness, conveyed by another medium than photography, of the lamented Dutton Cook, an actual contributor, also adorns this volume. As for its literary merits there can scarcely be a question that they are far above that level of culture and skill which has in past days contented the readers of mere class publications, treating their subjects technically, and with small pretence to the criticism which demands a trained intelligence of manifestly high order. Original exertions of poetic feeling, of graceful fancy and fine imagination, mingle with the discriminative verdicts on plays and players. It need hardly be said that the writer by whom this magazine or review is carefully conducted is himself a master of tuneful and emotional verse. Whether for the purposes of elocution, of song, or of quiet perusal, the melodious lines of Mr Clement Scott, so happy in their seizure of universal sympathy and in their hold on the readers' attention, have a quality of their own, which yet affects no defiant eccentricity, or scorn of the canons which have governed even the boldest heart, and directed the most spontaneous feeling. Nor does the editor content himself with contributing such examples of originality as enliven and relieve the critical tone of his review. Notable instances of skill in the analysis and appreciation of dramatic work abound throughout the volume; and that his earnest purpose is to pursue a vein of criticism as generous as it is just, proof is given in the number which, following the completed volume, begins the new year. In this January part, the first impression of which has, it is said, rapidly run out of print, Mr Scott sympathetically reviews Mr Austin Brereton's book, *Henry Irving, a Biographical Sketch*, and takes occasion to express regret that such books, adding to the wealth of theatrical history, are few in these days. The extracts are judiciously chosen; and the critic's concluding remarks, in which he warmly but delicately adverts to the friendships of Henry Irving, are in the best possible taste. From the same hand, an admirable paper on the poetical drama of *Claudian*, Mr Wilson Barrett's latest production on the stage of the Princess's, shows at once the keen sense and kindly spirit. Recurring to the volume, we may observe that Mr Scott has associated with himself accomplished men of letters whose tastes are sufficiently in harmony with his own to admit their co-operation, while yet they leave room for diversity in the action of thought and for characteristic variety of expression. In the list of well-known writers who follow the bright banner and cheerful rallying cry of a leadership that inspires courage and wit are Messrs Alfred Thompson, H. Savile Clarke, W. Beatty Kingston, A. W. Pinero, H. Herman, Richard Davey, Godfrey Turner, C. J. Stone, and Miss H. Scott Drew. Tales and reminiscences of the drama in past days abound, and among such "trivial fond records" one of the most curious and interesting is a long business-like letter from the universally respected, because always self-respecting comedian Bartley, which now sees for the first time the light of print.—E. B.

THE HARD LIFE OF PROFESSIONALS "ON THE ROAD."

Dion Boucicault has come forward with a sensible suggestion. He recommends the building of proper carriages for the transport of whole travelling companies of professionals. In his letter to the New York press he lays the greatest stress upon the money question, and shows that a very considerable saving would accrue to the profession if such carriages would be built as would include sleeping and living, or rather food accommodations. Mrs Langtry has, therefore, done some good in going ahead in this matter and showing that she could travel and live in a car better than in any hotel.

The matter is worth being taken up seriously and speedily, for

there is no doubt that an immense amount of suffering, discomfort, and ill-health could be prevented. But few are aware of the constant wear and tear of a travelling company, particularly as regards the ladies. Those *one-night stands* fatigue body and soul. If the train goes at midnight, after the performance in one town is over, dresses have to be hastily packed, and the wearied frame of young, delicate girls has to find repose in the car for so many hours, till the place of destination is reached. In the raw morning hotel-keepers have to be called up, and have to assign cold bedrooms to their visitors, and the tired actors and actresses try to get a few hours' rest before they are called up again for their duties. If the train for the next station leaves in the morning, after the last performance a couple of hours of rest may be snatched; and, sleepy, weary, and shivering, the members of the company must rouse themselves and proceed to the station in the dark hours of a cold, snowy winter's day. When the next place is reached it is scarcely worth while to go to rest again. Anyhow, that rest is but of little value. And so on and on, riding in cars and arriving at new hotels, dressing and undressing by the week round, and then to be ready to do justice to some exhaustive part in the evening.

And worse still, there is the food or living question; whatever the hotel offers has to be accepted. Exhausted professionals are often ushered into large, cool dining-rooms, where poor tea and coffee, hard steak, and a few pickles, are all that is offered; when a plate of good, warm soup, a dainty French stew, or a slice of roast meat would be more acceptable. If the cars Mr Boucicault mentions were to be built, the meals could be prepared there, and be of such a character as to give real nourishment and sustenance at less cost than the half-cooked meals to be got at outside places.

It is scarcely possible to describe the discomfort and privation undergone by companies, even those that travel under "high-sounding names." As a young actress said: "What would I have done with fifteen dollars a week but pay my board on the road, with all these extra expenses? Had my sister not helped me I should have had no winter clothes." And many a young girl gets no more; and how soon is that spent in hotels with hotel prices?

The audience see nothing but the smiling faces and the bright eyes, the dainty figures and the smart toilettes; they do not see the wan faces and hear the hacking cough; they do not enter the sick room of many a young girl or young man, when the season is over and the few dollars saved are spent on the doctor. Anyhow the men are better off than the women; a cigar will keep out the cold, a glass of something strong ward off the chill and a warm corner be found where dainty women cannot enter.

Surely this is a humane project of the veteran of the stage, and it should be brought in such a manner before the public that it will take root and be carried out at least by one company, as an example.

I hear that sumptuous cars are being built for the great *prime donne*. They are wanted more for the hard-working companies that make the fortunes of New York managers in the smaller towns of the States and bear all the fatigue of the "one-night stands."—*Freund's New York Weekly*.

Intelligence reaches here from Brussels that Mdme Taglioni, the celebrated ballet-dancer, has just died at the age of eighty. A generation ago Mdme Taglioni was the envy of all stage-dancers in Europe, her exquisite airy style being said to realize the poetry of motion. After her marriage, in 1847, to Count Gilbert de Voisins, Taglioni left the stage. During the Franco-German war she was left a widow; and, having lost all her property, she gained a livelihood by teaching dancing in London.—*Leeds Daily News*, Jan. 8th.

TONIC SOL-FA COLLEGE.—At the New Year *soirée* of London members and friends of this college, held on Saturday in Falcon Square Rooms, satisfactory reports of the progress of the Tonic Sol-fa system were given. Mr Curwen, who presided, said that the elementary musical education of the country was falling more and more into the hands of their teachers. Never were their classes larger in number or more earnest. Mr Griffiths, secretary of the college, said that the number of musical certificates issued by the college was increasing by several thousands each year. Mr Evans, superintendent of singing under the London School Board, said that all but about half-a-dozen of their schools were now teaching singing by note, and the alteration of the code had had a marked effect for good. Mr Proudman urged greater attention to church music and the improvement of congregational singing. Mr M'Naught, assistant music inspector to the Education Department, said that the recent disappearance of prejudice against the Tonic Sol-fa system was remarkable. Mr Behnke and Mr Josiah Booth also spoke. During the evening Mr Proudman's male voice choir sang some part songs very effectively.—*D.C.*

A HEBREW MUSICAL PLAY.

The International Theatre was opened on Tuesday night by the managers of a somewhat novel enterprise. It is said that a company of Hebrew players, finding their occupation gone in Russia, made their way to England a little time ago, and set up a stage in the East of London. They do not appear to have been fortunate there, and are come further West, in the hope of drawing support from the richer and more cultivated section of the special public to whom they appeal. The members of that section, however, were not conspicuously present that night, the bulk of the considerable audience occupying the cheaper seats, and, we should add, making up for the smallness of their individual contributions to the treasury by the prodigality of their enthusiasm. The company produced, under the direction of Messrs Berkovitch and J. Goodman, what was described as a "Hebrew musical play," entitled *The Sorceress*, performing it in a dialect of the German, but singing some of the songs in Russian. As regards the music, we think that the drama would on the whole be better without it. These players are not vocalists, and the general conditions of performance scarcely satisfy the most modest demands. At the same time even an indifferent rendering cannot destroy the interest of the melodies, which are distinctively Russian in their plaintiveness, their peculiar inflections, and their rhythmic construction. Some of them are quite beautiful, though sad with the sadness that runs like a wail through the music of Northern Europe. The plot of *The Sorceress*—a five-act play—turns upon the hate cherished by a step-mother for her husband's daughter. The woman allies herself with a "sorceress" the better to get the obnoxious girl out of the way of her own daughter, and their schemes so far succeed that the victim, having been inveigled into the den of the witch, is bought by a purveyor of "beauties" to Turkish harems. Nemesis, of course, soon follows on the track of the plotters, in the person of the girl's lover, who, aided by a comic pedlar, ultimately works out the decrees of justice. The piece contains an uncommon proportion of dialogue, the action being throughout slight, but this seemed rather a recommendation than otherwise to the audience. The laughter and applause were incessant, and the drama achieved an unquestionable success with those who understood its "points." Most of the leading parts were played with a certain amount of cleverness, notably that of the sorceress by Herr Friedman, and that of the pedlar by Herr Chaimovitch. These were genuine studies, while merit could be recognized also in the stepmother, as represented by Mme Adler, in Herr Silbermann's embodiment of the lover Marcus, and in Mme Gradner's presentation of the heroine Mirele. As a curiosity of its kind, the "Hebrew musical play" may be found worth an evening's attention.—D. T.

WAIFS.

At Sandringham, last week, Mr Toole and his company performed by command before the Prince and Princess of Wales and a select company, including the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, the Countess of Lonsdale, Vice-Admiral the Hon. H. Carr Glyn and Miss Glyn, Sir Oscar Clayton, Brigadier-General Reilly, Mr and Lady Clementina Mitford, Major C. Swaine, Mr H. Cust, Mr H. Calcraft, Mr Villebois, the Hon. H. Tyrwhitt Wilson, Colonel Teesdale, Earl and Countess of Romney, Viscount Marsham, Sir William and Lady Folke, Lieutenant-General Sir Dighton and Lady Probyn. The programme consisted of *Paul Pry* and *Mr Guffin's Elopement*.

Signora Singer has left the Liceo, Barcelona.

M. Ambroise Thomas is reported to be very ill.

A new zarzuela, *El último Folero*, is in rehearsal at the Teatro Apolo, Madrid.

Fischer, the violoncellist, has been playing at the Popular Concerts, Lille.

Signora Forni was to open in *Carmen*, at the Italian Operahouse, St Petersburg.

Ponchielli's *Gioconda* has been very attractive at the Teatro Municipale, Modena.

Mme Judic will shortly appear with a French company at the Teatro Armonia, Trieste.

M. Joseph Michel, of Liège, has been appointed director of the Academy of Music, Ostend.

Having been offered an engagement in Madrid, Bertini, the tenor, has left the San Carlo, Lisbon.

The Lisbon papers speak highly of Signorina Bellincioni as Berta in *Le Prophète* at the Teatro San Carlo.

Signorina Theodorini and Sig. Battistini, the baritone, are re-engaged for next year at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

Sig. Archimede Montanelli has been selected as municipal conductor at Carrara. There were sixteen candidates.

The Coquelin French buffo-opera company, now performing in Rome, will open in May at the Teatro Manzoni, Milan.

A new opera, *L'Assedio di Malta*, by Sig. Graffigna, will be produced during the carnival at the Teatro Sociale, Bassano.

The Municipality of Cagliari have passed a vote to place a commemorative tablet on the house in which Mario was born.

Mlle Cecilia Ritter has been well received as Ophelia in M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet* at the Teatro San Carlo, Lisbon.

A new three-act comic opera, *Mogli giovani e Mariti vecchi*, by Sig. Vigolla, has been produced at the Anfiteatro Fenice, Trieste.

Beethoven, his Life and his Works, is the title of a new biography of the great composer from the practised pen of Victor Wilder.

The Italian paper, *Il Teatro Illustrato*, having offered a prize of 2,000 liras for the best one-act opera, twenty-eight works were sent in.

Virgilio Placidi, a blind violoncellist, formerly a pupil of the Milan Conservatory, has produced a highly favourable impression in Turin.

Mlle Montalba, having returned from Bucharest, will probably give a series of performances, ere long, at the Grand Théâtre, Marseilles.

H.R.H. the Princess Louise soon after her return from Canada communicated to Professor Goldberg her wish to re-commence her singing lessons.

The German opera company in Amsterdam inaugurated the season with a performance of *Martha*, under the direction of the new conductor, Dr Kienzl.

Miss Maggie Okey, the accomplished *fiancée* of M. Vladimir de Pachmann, was formerly a pupil of Professor Wyld's at the London Academy of Music.

G. Bizet's *Carmen*, with Mme Galli-Marié, Signori Mozzi and Magini-Coletti, in the leading characters, is being performed at the Teatro Argentina, Rome.

While returning home one night lately, after the performance, the Prompter at the Teatro Comunale, Ferrara, was attacked by two men and robbed of 200 liras.

The publication of our Parisian contemporary, *L'Art Musical*, is suspended for the present, the new proprietor intending to make certain alterations in its form.

Sig. De Sanctis Marienecci, the tenor, chose the character of Radames, in *Aida*, for his first appearance at the Teatro Real, Madrid. He was well received.

A concert is being organised in Paris by M. Marmontel and other well-known artists for the benefit of the orphan child, aged nine, left by Henri Ketten, the pianist.

The late Paul Taglioni breathed his last in the arms of his daughter, the Princess Windischgrätz, who, as Marie Taglioni, danced at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, in 1847.

Lhérie, the baritone, is said to have achieved great success in Verdi's *Don Carlos*, which has just been revived at the Milan Scala, under the superintendence of the composer himself.

Hector Berlioz's "*Carnaval romain Overture*" has been substituted for R. Wagner's "*Wotan's Farewell*," in the programme of the Brussels Conservatory Concert on the 3rd February.

Dr Horton Allison, of Manchester, is one of those whose names have just been placed by the Commissioners in the list of Her Majesty's Examiners in Music to the Intermediate Education Board for Ireland.

The Bonavia Hunt Musical History Prize, for the best essay on "*The Madrigal Writers of the Elizabethan Period*," adjudicated by Mr W. H. Cummings, has been awarded to Miss Fanny F. White, of Falmouth.

A few members of the choir of St Thomas's Church, Newport (Isle of Wight), accompanied by the organist, attend at Osborne House on Sunday mornings to render the choral parts of the Divine service held in Her Majesty's private chapel.

Prince Trubetzkoy's ballet, *Pygmalion*, has been produced in St Petersburg.—E. Blavet, librettist, and Gaston Salvayre, composer of the new opera, *Richard III.*, recently given here, have been created Knights of the Russian Order of St Anne.

The Academical Board of Trinity College, London, has awarded the annual prize of ten guineas and a gold medal to Miss Alma Sanders for her pianoforte quartet, sent in for the Chamber-Music Prize Competition, which has been adjudicated by Sir Herbert Oakeley.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—The Easter (third) term began on Monday, Jan. the 14th, when 27 new paying students were passed by the examiners, and enrolled in the register of the college. The total number of pupils is now 152—viz., free scholars 50, paying students 102. The teaching staff has been increased by the engagement of Dr F. E. Gladstone, Mus. Doc., and Mr James Higgs, Mus. Bac., as teachers of harmony, under the direction of Dr J. F. Bridge, Mus. Doc., Professor of Harmony and Counterpoint. Signor Perini is now teacher of Italian.

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